

12-2012

decG2012

Robert Kelly
Bard College

Follow this and additional works at: https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts

Recommended Citation

Kelly, Robert, "decG2012" (2012). *Robert Kelly Manuscripts*. 301.
https://digitalcommons.bard.edu/rk_manuscripts/301

This Manuscript is brought to you for free and open access by the Robert Kelly Archive at Bard Digital Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in Robert Kelly Manuscripts by an authorized administrator of Bard Digital Commons. For more information, please contact digitalcommons@bard.edu.

(WORDS OUT OF SLEEP)

Exaltation,
marching into—
and all the pretty girls left behind,
glory?

I said it
I don't have to do
anything with it

the sun rising.

23 December 2012

TO RHEA

(after Alana)

our lips have touched
to tell us this

if you peel the rainbow
off the sky you find

a golden cavern
behind stretching out

and in at once—
tunnel deep in her

to find me here
now I am you.

23 December 2012

= = = = =

O sweet Christian weather

I alone of all

my family loved the rain

it stopped things happening

outside and left me free

to read the inwardness of things

and now I have read enough

my eyes tell me

and I can bear to smile

at the sun coming over the hill

sashaying through bare trees,

warm on my face.

23 December 2012

PREFERENCES

Who cares what I like?
Like you I like everything
everybody else likes
mostly and buy it keep it
eat it put it in lockers
plastic boxes bookcases
file cabinets freezer chests
or bury it beneath the tree
out back and hope I don't forget.

23 December 2012

= = = = =

To need the none
I am a closet
from which the last
secret has clattered
away. A closet
crying out for the room
they come sometimes
to open me, an empty
closet waiting for
your hand on my knob.
Is that too physical?
So I am a vain thing
with not much hope
a canoe on the roof
a tree in the sky
when will I get home?

23 December 2012

= = = = =

It's not just living
it's life itself
 a leaf
torn off a rose tree
ten thousand years
ago in Persia
 and language
followed after
still sucking its
thorn-pricked fingertips.

23 December 2012

CHRISTMAS 2012

for Charlotte

The road is silver
and the sky,

the old men hurry
to Bethlehem
to be born,

it's not just
Lord Christ by whom
spirit launches flesh
into a world of meaning,

the Magi are most of us,
bringing what little stuff we have
our shabby policies and technologies
to offer at that manger,

we bring what we are,
our tired so-called selves,
lay them down and get rid of them at last—
then something comes to life in us again.

24 December 2012

= = = = =

To live the turn
around and come again
the light

we live by latitude—
the souther the seasons
are samer
 or there are no seasons

but weather rules us
the changing light
and we live by where we live

it coaxes us to live by wheel
not by arrow
 not ever to let the mind
go out forever past the accidents

so Christmas is a mystery
the *x* in Xmas,
the light becomes right,
a prayer
 the intercession of the opposites
each lover praying to be the other.

25 December 2012

XMAS

I don't want to hear another *Messiah*

I want to be him

and save you all.

Time is the shadow of space

and I want you now.

25.XII.12

= = = = =

Blue light

people falling down in the snow

it's not Breughel

not even Brooklyn

sleds hurtling down

the terminal moraine

it's just here

in the head

of a child grown old

smell of wet wool

white angel wings

faked in the snow.

25 December 2012

=====

Waiting for after
even before

How much breath left
of all that beginning.

25.XII.12

= = = = =

Don't you think we should be
other people so the dawn
surprises itself (as
we say in romance
languages, clumsy
by design to avoid the
passive voice) by
finding us changed?

O let us be changed!
Let the dead men's bones
that prop up our flesh
come to life again, skin
will fill out and we'll
all speak Portuguese
afternoon and Greek by night,

o translate me into Lappish
I'll still make you talk Turk,
let's lose our losses—
I'm praying hard for you—
don't you know even yet
all we've done in the dark?

26 December 2012

= = = = =

New bones new brains
new barriers.

Lift up the light,

it's not all about seeing,
cure a word by a word
counteract every sentence
by another sentence after—
interweave contradictions!

26 December 2012

A CURE FOR PHILOSOPHY

Premise:

Every philosophical statement is a wound.

For the words to have formed on the page, so much has been left out, even (or especially) from the mind of the writer. Let the sense back in. Let the mind back in. The reader's mind heals the text.

Method:

Preserving the order of a philosophical text (Aristotle, Kant, Heidegger...) insert a new sentence of approximately the same length, after every sentence of the original.

The sentence is the very rhythm of the being who wrote. The shape (rhythmos) of an idea is its *breathed utterance*—how the mind's body forms the thought into language. We must not stop with that single breath.

We read with our breaths.

Application:

Convene an academy of scholar-poets to perform that operation on canonical texts. The larger the number of performers the truer, grander, will be the result. Only in such a way will we ever begin to achieve even a glimpse of the *active meaning* of the original text.

The true meaning of any text is the meaning every sentence of it spawns. A text means what it makes us think. That is how poetry discovers the true meanings of ancient philosophers—themselves (like Parmenides) halfway risen up from poetry.

Result:

At some future time it should be possible to extract the new sentences, in order, from all the old texts, discarding those husks. We will have only the new sentences, born from and replacing the old.

Read the new. Forget the cause and read the result.

And maybe too each sentence in its place can finally be linked with all the other sentences that arose to transform/respond to the old sentence at that same point in the text. . Given a dozen poets, we might be able to read a twelve times more revelatory and articulate paragraph from *The Phenomenology of Mind*. Or is it Spirit?

26 December 2012

= = = = =

No flowers in this picture
the wide=spread arms bare
of the only paulownia
tree on the island, stands
in the graveyard in spring
lush purple flowers come
before leaves: tree of the dead.

26 December 2012

